

Historical Society

NO 24.

(Continued on Fifth Page.)

JEAN.

BY KENNA CLARK WHITNEY.

Oh, to die, and I so young!
What will darling mother say?
Bless the heart so cruelly wrong!
Help her, Jesus, now I pray!

You, my Captain, called me brave;
"Brave Jean" were the words you said.
My heart beats proudly near the grave,
Till I see mother when I am dead.

Fifteen years—short space of life—
When this young hero fell;
First amid the bloody strife,
Torn by a traitor's steel.

Supported by a friendly knee,
Faint and fainter comes his breath.
Brave men crowd around to see
A Southern soldier's last death.

He is dying near the camp-fire's glare,
Each given all he has to give.
Goods of battle, could ye not spare
One so young, so fit to live?

The rough group stirred, murmuring low,
"Great God! alas, he is gone!"
Revenge on those who dealt this blow
We will mete ere dawn shall dawn.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Abram's Boy and the Ugly Gun.

BY REV. E. A. RAND.

"Oh-h-h!"
Then there was silence.
"I wonder what's dat!"

It was Abram's boy looking through a fence knot-hole into Uncle Lisha's yard. Sometimes they called him Abram's boy, and sometimes "little Abram."

"I saw, I saw!"

"Saw what, honey?" asked Abram Senior.

"Saw a long, long black!"

"Get froo sometime, chile. Saw something long an' black, sort of a barr'l like dat's a gun; an' ugly one, too."

"A gun?"

"Bartin, honey. It shoots people and knocks him ober."

"Whar de place dat the shoot comes out ob?"

"Oh, dar's a hole in front. Cotch Uncle Lisha to hab a barr'l in his yard widout a hole in it!"

Here Abram declared that he should "die a-laffin' at the idea!"

"Why, chile, you's ignunt as I was 'fore I got into de primer."

That gun in Uncle Lisha's yard was a great mystery to Abram's boy, and of times he planted a big wondering eye at the fence-hole to view this piece of ordnance. Several times he saw Uncle Lisha's tall, stately form bowing over the gun, a big yellow mug in his hand, and then little Abram heard what he called "a sizzin' sound."

"Dat sizzin' sound, honey? Pears to me dat must be de powder workin' its way out ob de gun," was the explanation of his father.

The gun in Uncle Lisha's yard was a cider barrel. Its shape was rather peculiar. It was very long, and looked something like a surly Columbiad thrusting its black muzzle out from under a shelter Uncle Lisha had made for it.

"It shows it must be dangerous, or he would keep it in de house," said Abram, Senior, triumphantly. Uncle Lisha was the proud owner of an apple tree. Its fruit was so sour that Abram told his boy it would "pucker one's mouf out ob shape for a month," and the apples were wormy enough to satisfy the most inveterate drinker. Uncle Lisha refused to see any harm in the beverage, and he wanted Abram "jest to keep his temperance stuff to hum."

"Honey," said Abram one day, "do you want to go wid me and see what such a gun as dat will do?"

Little Abram was glad enough to have the invitation, and his father led him down to a neighborhood cursed by cider-drinking. It was called "Scrubby Lane."

"Dar, chile! Dat is a poor feller knocked ober by de cider-gun," and Abram pointed out a man stupidly sleeping, not far from a pig-sty.

"It would serve him right to be penned in a while. An' see his house! Dat was battered by de cider-gun."

The house was ragged and rough as the pitiful sleeper on the ground. The chimney had lost its top, the shingles were rotting out on the roof. The windows were broken and rag-stuffed, the door was off its hinges. A woman's sad face appeared at one of the windows, and was then hastily withdrawn.

"Chile, do you wonder I don't like Uncle Lisha's cider-gun? I know just what misery comes from do stuff. A man might as well haul a battery front ob his house an' let it bang away. I know, I know, fur I hab seen an' can tell what will happen when de cider-gun comes," and Abram shook his head with all the positiveness of a prophet.

Uncle Lisha took quite a fancy to Abram's boy, though he disliked the father's principles, and he told the little fellow one day that his son Lemuel was coming from the city, and he kept in a confectionery store, and he would bring little Abram a sugar horse, big, big—his eyes steadily growing—"big nuf to ride on, most!"

Every day young Abram planted an eye at the fence-hole to see if the sugar horse had arrived and was prancing round in Uncle Lisha's yard. Alas! he saw a different sight one day. He ran into the house screaming: "A man shot by de gun! A man shot by de gun!"

Abram's father was not at home. He had stepped into Uncle Lisha's house on an errand, but he was not able to accomplish it. Uncle Lisha was sitting in his old leather-bottomed arm-chair, his Bible in his lap. Uncle Lisha wished to be considered very religious, if he did have an ugly cider-gun in his yard. Apparently he was reading, but really he had gone to sleep. His head was bobbing up and down, and a fly perched on his flat nose was see-sawing away, enjoying his free ride very much. Abram Senior was looking and grinning from ear to ear.

Suddenly little Abram came running in, screaming, "Uncle Lisha, Uncle Lisha, a man shot out in your yard!"

Uncle Lisha's head came to a halt. He rubbed his nose and opened his eyes.

"What, whar?" he asked.

"A man shot!"

"Whar, whar?"

"In your yard."

"My yard?" and, saying this, Uncle Lisha sprang out of the house. And there before the "barr'l" was a man stretched out, drunk! How long he had been there, no one could say. Uncle Lisha had been away for half a day, and all that time the strange man may have been there in the yard, a target for the merciless shooting of the gun.

"No wonder," said Abram to his little boy; "nuff charge in that old gun to knock ober de whole villij."

At the stranger's side was Uncle Lisha's big yellow mug, and around his pocket were the fragments of a sugar horse.

"Berry likely dat was a temperance hose," suggested Abram to his boy, "an' he strained so hard to get away from bad company he jest strained himself in pieces."

It was Uncle Lisha's son Lemuel who was the victim of the shooting. The old man was so mortified, and in the presence, too, of the little fellow whom he intended to make so happy with the sugar horse! Abram saw tears on the old man's cheeks, and he pitied him thoroughly.

"I spee," he whispered to little Abram, "dat Uncle Lisha an' badly hit by de gun also, an' he is struck in de heart. Dat's what makes me 'spise a cider-gun so much, for others must suffer beside de drinker."

Abram was known in the neighborhood as a man "wid a heap ob power in his arms." He now bowed carefully, and, tenderly lifting Lemuel, carried him away "as if he went behind you into de house," said Abram's boy to him as they went away together.

"Dose sobs tell de story. Dey prove de hurt. Dose ole guns are apt to kick back and hit de pusson who owns 'em, sartin and sure."

Uncle Lisha was a man of decision and a man of conscience also, though it is pretty hard to get at a man's conscience when a cider-gun is on top. He asked his neighbors and friends to gather about him the next morning. They found him in a field back of the house. The field sloped down to the river that ran through the village. Uncle Lisha had rolled his cider-gun into this field, and stood beside it resolute as any grim gunner by his battery. He made a little speech.

"Friends an' neighbors, Bruder Abram calls dat barr'l a cider-gun, an' he an' I right. It has done some talk shootin' 'I give now to see how high it will come to hittin' de river. Dis shall be its last shoot, de old pickerpate. I'll jest ease it ob its load a leetle, and am it, yer know."

He swung an ax, knocked out the spigot, drove in the bung, and made several ugly gashes in the heads of the "barr'l."

"Now I will aim it," he said.

He aimed the gun for the river, and then gave it a push. Down the slope it rolled, turning over and over and over, bumping and thumping and jumping as it struck any rock, the heads coming out at last, the cider gushing and splashing and frothing, the gun going faster and faster and faster, and, as it reached the edge of the bank, it there gave a tremendous spring, and—down it went, striking the river! There was a lively bubbling for a time, and then the river was still.

"It has hit de bottom fair and square," cried Uncle Lisha, "and where it has stuck may it lay forever!"

"Three sheers," shouted Abram's boy. And they were given with a will.

How They Capture Hyenas.

The following mode of tying hyenas in their dens, as practiced in Afghanistan, is given by Arthur Connolly in his *Oriental Journal*, in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkaree Synd Daoud:

"When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slink knots upon it in your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of his den, but you may always tell where his head is by the glancing of his eyes. You keep on moving gradually toward him on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he covers back, and though he may bite the felt, he can not turn his neck round to hurt you; so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and then, with one strong pull, draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the khal, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouths, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild."

Hyenas are also taken alive by the Arabs by a very similar method, except that a wooden gag is used instead of a felt cloak. The similarity in the mode of capture in two such distant countries as are Algeria and Afghanistan, and by two races so different, is remarkable. From the fact that the Afghans consider that the feat requires great presence of mind, and no instance being given of a man having died of a bite received in a clumsy attempt, we may infer that the Afghan hyena is more powerful or more ferocious than his African congener.

Mahogany Trees.

The full-grown mahogany tree is one of the monarchs of tropical America. Its vast trunk and massive arms, rising to lofty height, and spreading with graceful sweep over immense spaces, covered with beautiful foliage, bright, glossy, light and airy, clinging so long to the spray as to make it almost an evergreen, present a rare combination of loveliness and grandeur. The leaves are very small, delicate, and polished like those of the laurel. The flowers are small and white, or greenish yellow. Lumbermen in felling a tree build a platform, thus relinquishing twelve or fifteen feet of the largest part of the tree. Yet some trees have yielded 12,000 superficial feet of lumber, and have sold for \$15,000.

Effect of Climate on the Beard.

A singular effect of the dry air of Egypt, and one which, if supported by similar facts, has a scientific value, is thus recorded:

An Englishman who traveled up the Nile states that his beard, which at home was straight, soft and silky, began, immediately upon arriving at Alexandria, to curl, and to grow crisp, strong and coarse. Before reaching Es Souan it resembled horsehair to the touch and was disposed in ringlets. He accounts for this by the exceeding dryness of the air, and considers that in the course of many generations it permanently curled and crisped the hair of negroes. The hair on the traveler's head was not affected.

Seven Times a Widow at Forty.

For the benefit of that venturesome class of people who, like those possessed of an irresistible desire to risk their lives among savage African tribes, would—amid shipwrecks of so many of their friends notwithstanding—venture on the treacherous sea of matrimony—for their benefit, I repeat, it becomes an imperative duty for me to make known a unique chance of connubial bliss which has lately come to my notice. It is of Katharina Chasna, of Verbo, in Upper Hungary, that I speak, and let him that would secure a prize in the marriage market hasten to the land of pomade and paprika, and without a moment's delay make her his own. For time is pressing; she has often been snapped up, and will in all probability be very soon snapped up again. A wife who thoroughly understands her social duties, and who is perfect in her paces, is, I take it, universally acknowledged to be a "desideratum," and if the lady I have now the honor to introduce to public notice does not fulfill this condition, then nobody ever will. For, like her sister in holy writ, she has had seven husbands, and the last one has just died. Here, however, the simile comes to an end; for, instead of the sevenfold widow following her masters, Katharina Chasna is as sound as a bell, and if what is generally said be true—has but one anxiety in life, and that is to get married—"sohald als moglich!" Our heroine—surely she must be a heroine—first married at 17. She began her crusade against the opposite sex modestly enough, for she selected a shoemaker, who, however, succumbed to consumption at the end of fifteen months. He hardly lasted as long as one of his own pairs of shoes—best quality. Number two was a much-tougher customer. He entered the list at the ripe age of 87, held out 13 years, and died a fortnight after his 100th birthday. How long he would have lasted under favorable conditions is an interesting but now needless speculation. This affair so pruned Katharina's mind that she was fain to marry within one month for consolation, and this time it was a widower, who, however, came to a watery grave, for he died of dropsy after four years of bliss. All this ill luck was beginning to tell on Katharina's spirits, and she determined now to invest in something "warranted to last." She lent a modest car to the burning tale of a stalwart farmer of 28, but alas! he succumbed to an "accident," almost before the expiration of the honeymoon (whether he committed suicide is not clear). I will spare you the next three husbands, the last of whom died on Wednesday. Suffice it that a fate seemed to pursue them all and hustled them one after the other into the "great unknown." If Katharina does not marry again soon it will be her own fault, for several suitors are after her. Although between 40 and 45, she is still strikingly handsome, has a splendid figure, abundant black hair, and does not look a day over 35. But, ah, well—a day has cast her flashing eyes on a youth of 21, who is himself over head and ears in love with someone else. The Mayor of a neighboring town, a rich widower of 77, is said to have become quite childish on the subject of Katharina, and humbly mumbles his suit. She will doubtless take him out of "pique."—*Vienne (Fr.) London Globe.*

Weather Wisdom.

"Gem'ten," said the President, "I find dat ob inhabitants of dis kentry an' payin' altogether too much 'tension to dis wedder qeshun. Dar's a groan ob displear when it's hot an' a growl ob displear when it's cold. If it rains somebody raises a row, an' if it's dry somebody else has a bone to pick wid de powers above. Ebery red-headed, one-hoss white man—ebery broken-down, old two-cent dorky, has got de ideah in his head dat de Lawd an' boum to send him long jist de sort ob wedder he wants, no matter 'bout de rest ob de kentry. De old man Rubottom, libin' up dar by my cabin, has got about fifteen cents wort ob garden truck back of his house, an' when it's hot or cold or wet or dry, he am so agitated dat he forgits dat any oder soul in dis kentry has sot out an onion or planted a 'tater. Mo' dan fifty y'rs ago I come to de conclusion dat I mus' put up wid sich wedder as de Lawd gim me, no matter wheder it brought on chilblains or rheumatics, an' it was a great burden ob my mind. I take it jist as it comes, keepin' de ole umbrella in good repair, an' I don't know nuffin 'bout almanacks an' I don't want 'em."

—*Time-Kin Club Proceedings, Detroit Free Press.*

Astronomical.

Young Mr. Latehours was sitting on the porch watching a 17-year-old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy. "I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy. "I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily. His heart beat tumultuously. "And why?" he asked tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting little hand in his own. "And why?" he repeated, imperiously. "Oh," she said with a brooding earnestness that fell upon his soul like a bare foot on a cold oil-cloth, "because then you would only come around once every 1,500 years!" He didn't say anything until he was half way to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth that "by the dads, it would be a thundering sight longer than that before he came around again." But by that time the poor girl was in bed and sound asleep.

Afghan Etiquette.

An Afghan never receives unceremonious calls. The visitor must send a few hours' notice of his intention. He is then received at the door by some confidential retainer or retainers, and conducted through an open courtyard to the foot of a rude, winding staircase, which leads first to an uncovered landing, and thence to the ordinary reception room or balcony of the proprietor. Here he is received by the host in person, and conducted with every mark of courtesy and respect to a small room of chairs, the use of which article of furniture seems to be general in good society in Cabul, and to have quite superseded the carpets and felts which satisfied an older generation. After a few words of welcome and inquiries in a set formula after health on both sides, a tray of fruits usually appears, and is placed upon the carpet at the feet of the visitors. The fruits are followed by the tea-tray, and

a cup of highly-sweetened green tea, without milk, is placed before the visitor. The conversation is then carried on with more or less spirit on the ordinary topics of the day, and here, if the visit is a merely formal one, the interview comes to an end and the visitor is conducted to the floor with the same formality and composure with which he was received. If, however, a confidential interview is desired, the attendants are requested to withdraw.

Died as a King Should.

J. E. Murdoch has written a book on the stage, in which occurs the following story:

Mr. Macready was fond of telling the following story as his experience of American independence, exemplified in a Western actor, of the self-satisfied kind. "In the last act of 'Hamlet,' said he, 'I was very anxious to have the King, who was rather of a democratic turn of mind, to fall, when I stabbed him over the steps of the throne and on the right-hand side, with his feet to the left, in order that when I was to fall I should have the center of the stage to myself, as befitting the principal personage of the tragedy. No objection was made to this request on the part of the actor, but at night, to my great surprise, he wheeled directly round after receiving the sword thrust, and deliberately fell in the middle of the scene, just on the spot where I was in the habit of dying. Well, as a dead man cannot move himself, and as there was no time for others to do it, the King's body remained in possession of my place, and I was forced to find another situation, which I did, and finished the scene in the best way I could."

"When I expostulated with his Majesty for the liberty he had taken, he coolly replied: 'Mr. Macready, we Western people know nothing about Kings excepting that they have an odd trick of doing as they please; therefore, I thought, as I was King, I had a right to do whatever I pleased; and, as, I felt back upon your kingly rights, from which you perceive, there is no appeal.' I retired," said Mr. Macready, "to my dressing-room to have a hearty laugh over what I felt more like crying over a moment before."

The First Sleeping-Car.

A writer in the *Davenport Democrat* thus tells the story of the first sleeping-car and its first public appearance: "I remember the date of its very first appearance—Sept. 16, 1866. I was on my way West, and had arrived at Toledo early in the evening, behind time, and had two hours to pass before the departure of the train for Chicago, in the waiting-room. I had noticed a rather queer-looking countryman, and, somewhat to my surprise, he accosted me with the inquiry: 'Wouldn't you like to see something new?'"

"Of course I would," and I accompanied him out through the depot, among innumerable cars, one of which he opened, and, after lighting several lamps, invited me to enter. Well, it was something new—a large car filled with a double tier of beds—bunks, more properly speaking. The man was Woodruff, the well-known sleeping-car patentee, and this was the first sleeping-car and its first appearance in public. Mr. Woodruff had, during several years past, been obliged to accompany his wife, a chronic invalid, from Ohio to Philadelphia, for medical treatment, and her sufferings on the journey had constantly suggested the possibility of a more comfortable conveyance, so that at last he conceived the idea of portable and adjustable berths; and, buying an old car, he worked out his idea and had, only an hour previous, brought it in for a trial trip which was to be made that same night."

A Shilling-and-Sixpenny Dropping-Machine.

A Bostonian traveling in England gives his experiences in the *Transcript* of English extortion, as follows: "I write it with the greatestunction and emphasis after my name, whenever I am asked to record it, 'U. S. A.,' not that I love England the less, but my country more and more. But I have found, whatever the honor and privilege of my birthright, it is not an economy to be recognized as an American. And recognized as such at once, you inevitably are. 'But how did you know I am an American?' I said to a chatty, intelligent Englishman, who, like myself, had possessed a doorway to get out of a too-exuberant shower. 'I should not have known,' he answered, 'had you not spoken.' And so my speech 'bewrayed' me everywhere, and everywhere at a cost. An American is, by the average Englishman, supposed to carry a railway in one pocket, and at least a silver mine in the other, with an oil well as a reserve. He knows you. He spots you. You are his gudgeon. Wherever you go you hear of the foolish things Americans have done, until the English idea is that the American exists simply as a shilling-and-sixpenny dropping-machine, and he keeps the machine well at it. They talk of ducks shedding water, but one sheds these silver favors at every step. It is no economy to be known as an American. It is a luxury, an extravagance, an imprudence."

Praise.

As a general thing we are too chary in praising and encouraging the efforts of the young, too free in criticizing and depreciating them. Many a child's powers in various directions are thrust back into inactivity by the cold, unappreciative reception they meet with. Children quickly adopt the sentiments of their elders, and soon learn to put the same value on their own powers that others do. The parent, the teacher, and the employer can easily teach lessons of self-depreciation which may cling through life, and forever prevent the development of powers that, under more favorable auspices, might have proved a blessing to the community; or, on the other hand, by cheerful encouragement and wholesome commendation, they may nourish many a tiny germ of ability and talent that may one day come to be a mighty influence—a perceptible power in the world.

Herbert Spencer will make the tour of the United States next year.

A FIFTY-EIGHT DAYS' FAST.

A French Prisoner Who Beat Dr. Tanner—The Phenomena of Starvation.

(From the London Standard.)

Ann Moore, the famous fasting woman of Tisbury, pretended to have lived for eight years entirely without food. A watch committee was appointed, which detected the fraud in a very ingenious manner. The bed and bedding, with the woman in it, were placed on a delicate weighing machine, which resulted in the inevitable exposure. At the expiration of the ninth day of this strict watching, being warned that she was sinking, she acknowledged her imposture, and admitted—which is an important fact—that, so long as the watch upon her was but imperfect, her daughter had contrived, when washing her face, to feed her every morning by using towels made very wet with gravy, milk, and other nourishing fluids, and had also when kissing her contrived to convey small portions of solid food from mouth to mouth. Guillaume Granet, a prisoner at Toulouse, resorted to starvation to avoid punishment. For the first seven days the symptoms were not very remarkable. After that period he was compelled to drink water to relieve his raging thirst, and, after lingering on in terrible agony, he died in convulsions on the fifty-eighth day. The case is reported by Van Swieten. There is no doubt as to its truth, and it shows that up to the present, at any rate, Dr. Tanner has at the most only done what others have done before him. Viterbi, a Corsican, condemned to death for the assassination of Frediani, resolved to starve himself to death. He died on the twenty-first day. He, too, occasionally moistened his mouth with water. The medical details of his case, which are very horrible, will be found in Paris' "Medical Jurisprudence." Of actual starvation, the most remarkable example is, perhaps, that reported by Dr. Sloane, of Ayr. "A man, some 65 years of age, a spare habit of body, and uncommonly vigorous up to his time of life, was accidentally incarcerated in a coal mine for twenty-three days, during the first few of which he had access to water strongly impregnated with iron. He then became unable to move, and had unfortunately fallen some distance from the water. In this instance, Dr. Sloane thinks that an impure atmosphere, by lowering the vital powers, might tend to slightly prolong life under circumstances of privation. The unhappy man died on the third day after his removal." In 1866, Capt. Casey, of the James Lowden, passed twenty-eight days in an open boat without food or water. He contrived, however, to drink as much rain as he could collect, and it is possible, of course, that he may have chewed fragments of his clothes. Thus, then, so far as ascertained cases go, life has actually, on one occasion, been sustained for fifty-eight days without food, but not without water.

Electricity in the Human Body.

Most people are familiar with the "spark" which may be produced under certain conditions by stroking the fur of a cat; and travelers in Canada and other cold, dry countries have witnessed the still more remarkable phenomenon of the human body being turned into a conductor of electricity, and the possibility of lighting the gas by merely placing one's finger—given the necessary conditions of electrical excitement—near the gas jet, without any other agency. Mr. A. W. Mitchell, the African traveler, who is engaged in writing a narrative of his exploring expeditions in Western Central Africa, gives some still more startling facts. He states that, once, when striking an African native, in a moment of anger, with a cowhide whip, he was astonished to see sparks produced, and still more surprised to find the natives themselves were quite accustomed to the phenomenon. He subsequently found that a very light touch, repeated several times, under certain conditions of bodily excitement, and in certain states of the atmosphere, would produce a succession of sparks from the bodies of native men as well as native cattle. A lazy negro, it seems, yielded none of these signs of electricity—a rather unfortunate circumstance for his more active brethren, who may possibly come for a share of undeserved flogging from the hands of future travelers in search of electrical phenomena among the human race. We are not aware that these facts have been recorded by other travelers, but they certainly deserve thorough sifting by competent observers.—*London Lancet.*

Strange Freak of a Cat.

A Brussels journal relates the following anecdote of a cat in that city, and declares it to be a positive fact: The mistress of the cat having drowned all its young ones, the poor animal suffered much from excess of milk, and was observed for some days afterward to make her appearance only at meal time. At last, an unusual noise having been heard in the cellar, the servant went down to ascertain the cause, and found the cat lying on her side and snorking a brood of eight young rats, which had apparently been abandoned by their dam. For a week longer the cat continued thus to feed her natural enemies; but at the end of that time, being no longer incommoded by her milk, she one morning killed them all.

A Satisfactory Candidate for Life Insurance.

Josh Billings says: "I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so on-sartin that the only wa for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to git my life insured, and so I kalled on the Agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions, which was put tu me over the top of a pair ob gold specks, by a silk little fat old feller, with a little round grey head, and as pretty a little belly on him as enny man ever owned: Questions—1st. Are you mail or femal? If so, please state how long you have been so. 2d. Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time? 3d. Do you ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much? 4th. Du you ever have enny nite mares? 5th. Are you married and single, or are you a bachelor? 6th. Do you believe in a future state?"

Poverty's Grip.

The annoyances to which a man without money can be subjected are almost without number, but it is seldom that two acquaintances are in the same box at once. On Congress street one man said to another as they met:

"Ah! you miserable liar, I'd break your nose for a dollar!"

The person thus addressed opened his wallet, but it was empty. He wanted his nose broken ever so much, but he couldn't raise the cash. Then he remarked:

"You gray-headed poltroon, I'd lick you for 50 cents!"

The gray-head felt in all his pockets, but he found no half-dollar. He was cast down over the condition of his finances, but managed to say:

"I'll give you a boss licking for just 5 cents!"

The other went down into all his pockets, but no nickel could be discovered. Disappointment sat enthroned on his face as he replied:

"Give me 2 cents and I'll roll you in the gutter!"

The other couldn't raise it. Even when they offered to lick each other for a cent the money could not be produced, and both went their ways realizing how keen the grip of poverty can be tightened.—*Free Press.*

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Josh Billings says: "I kum to the conclusion lately that life was so on-sartin that the only wa for me to stand a fair chance with other folks was to git my life insured, and so I kalled on the Agent of the Garden Angel Life Insurance Co., and answered the following questions, which was put tu me over the top of a pair ob gold specks, by a silk little fat old feller, with a little round grey head, and as pretty a little belly on him as enny man ever owned: Questions—1st. Are you mail or femal? If so, please state how long you have been so. 2d. Are you subject to fits, and if so, do you have more than one at a time? 3d. Do you ever have enny ancestors, and if so, how much? 4th. Du you ever have enny nite mares? 5th. Are you married and single, or are you a bachelor? 6th. Do you believe in a future state?"

Strange Freak of a Cat.

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HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY J. W. HAYES.

Alone and friendless; doomed to die,
With never a soul to hear thy cry;
Nor food, nor drink, nor shade of tree;
Banished!—how cruel it seems to thee!

Death-meeting and heartless the doer:
Depart, forever, the child and the
Perish of want, and die unblest,
With the banished ones pressed to thy breast!

Green the hand that leads the way
I saw the home of plenty, far away,
A world of sands, all parched and bare,
To die of hunger and despair!

I hunger and thirst, and the maddening moon
On the dying boy, so plaintive grown
That Hagar flees, she knows not where,
Crazed with hunger and dazed with care.

But a mother's love, grown strong in death,
Constrains her heart, while life and breath
Still animates the form of one—
The beautiful form of her darling son.

Only a howl—oh! could she go
From sight and sound of Ishmael's woe;
There sat she down and prayed to die—
There sat she down and prayed to die!

Her eyes, bedimmed with weeping tears,
Also opened at last; she hears
A voice speaking, as from afar:
"Behold a well of water near!
Taste, drink, refresh thyself and child,
And journey yet a little while.
For I will trade, in future years,
A Prince of Iram thy heart reveres—
A father of Kings shall I be to thee,
And source of endless joy to thee."
COLUMBIA, MO.

JENNIE'S ROMANCE.

BY ARIOL.

"You don't pretend to say so!"
"But I do, really."
"True?"

"Just as true as you live and breathe!"
"Well, I never! When are you going?"

"In the morning stage as far as Springfield, and then in the cars."
"Won't that be nice?"

"You can just believe so!"
"Remember and tell me all about Boston."

"Oh, I will."
"Wish I was going."
"Wish you was, too."

These were the words of a bit of conversation between two young ladies one Sunday morning, as they stood in the Congregational Church of Perryville, and pretended to be singing "Coronation."

Jennie Jones had confidentially told Ellen White, when they arose to join in the singing, that she was going to Boston, and Ellen had expressed herself as perfectly surprised.

In Perryville, it was a great and important event for one of the citizens to go so far away as Boston. Once in a long while some adventurous Perryvillian visited Greenfield or North Adams, and the village merchant went twice a year to Springfield, but no one, excepting perhaps Rev. Mr. Profounde, ever went to Boston. Perryville was an isolated town in the back woods of Northern Massachusetts, out of hearing of finished civilization, and a little world in itself. The people were Yankees of the purest stamp and quality, and as contented as they chose to be.

Among the good people of Perryville Mr. Thomas Jones was the incarnation—and to be the great man of a Yankee town is to be a person of consequence. Thomas Jones had the best farm in town, was the thriftiest of the citizens, and held all of the most important town offices. Jennie was his only child, and from her birth had been reared to believe her father she one bright star in Perryville. It had dawned on the magistrate's mind that his daughter might become a talented lady if she could only be educated, and he determined that she should have the best educational advantages that money could buy. And so she was going to Boston—there to be transformed from a red-haired, milk-and-water country beauty into a cultured lady.

Ellen White hastened to impart the important news to her next neighbor, Mrs. Phipps, and long before Rev. Mr. Profounde completed his sermon nearly all of the congregation knew of it. They gathered about Jennie when the services were over, and the poor girl was completely overwhelmed by their congratulations.

George Harrison came that Sunday evening, as he always did, to "set up" with Jennie. The young man was bowed down with the great sorrow of parting, and was full of sober thoughts.

"I want you to remember me, Jennie," he sadly said.
"Of course I will!" Jennie replied.
And George went home at 11, fully persuaded that Jennie was the best woman ever created, and apprehensive that some Boston gentleman might entertain the same opinion.

Monday morning came to Jennie, not as other Monday mornings usually came. There was no washing to do, no cream to churn. She was free to act her own pleasure, and she moved about the old farm house sublimely sensible that a grand era in her life was about to begin. Her mother was tearful and sad, and George, hiding behind the rail fence, shed great, briny tears. Her father alone was confident.

"I'll risk Jennie," he said; "she's just like me, an' she'll git along."
As proof of his confidence he placed in the girl's hands a purse of \$100.
"Put it right inter yer bosom," he said; "they say that pickpockets can't git at it there."

Jennie obeyed, and firmly resolved that no pickpocket could get at her treasure.

The stage came at 9 o'clock, and Jennie took leave of her parents. The old black trunk that had been her grandmother's was lashed on the boot, and the journey for Boston began. At the postoffice, Jennie's boon friends had met, and, while the stage-driver was waiting for the mail bags, there was an osculatory leave-taking. Then the lumbering coach drove off, and the happy girl left Perryville behind her.

The sun had shown its noonday to the city of Springfield when the fair traveler reached there, and was set down at the depot. There never was a 17-year-old maiden before who saw Springfield in such a brilliant light as she saw it. To the country girl it was something like paradise, but it was not Boston.

The eastern-bound train came in, and Jennie dutifully obeyed her father's instructions to take the rear car the moment that the train stopped at the depot. There were but two or three vacant seats, and she chose the one nearest the door. A multitude of forebodings and wonder-

ings filled her mind. She thought of the possibility of an accident, of the rate of speed that the train would run, of the route, the great Boston beyond, and little Perryville left behind. Mentally she ran over her father's many injunctions in regard to board bills, car fare, extortionate hackmen, and especially about pickpockets.

Once on a time she had read in the *Weekly Gazette* a story of a lady's adventure with a pickpocket, wherein that personage was described as a modern Claude Duval, handsome, black-whiskered, and wearing an immaculate suit of black and a silk beaver. The story recurred to her mind, and instinctively she looked about the car for one who should have the appearance that the story had named. She started the next moment. In the seat directly before her sat a gentleman, tall, noble looking, and dressed in faultless black. A long and heavy black beard hid his mouth, and from beneath his hat a curly wreath of raven hair was thrown carelessly back. Jennie lost no time in arriving at conclusions. Nothing could have been more notice her. She felt of her pocket-book, and resolved that she should keep it at all hazards.

The train started, and Jennie felt a little less perturbed. The dark gentleman took from his pocket a copy of the morning's *Republican*, and began to read.

"Just like a pickpocket!" Jennie thought. "Perhaps," she added, "he thinks I'll get sleepy by and by, and then he'll give me chloroform. But I guess I'm smart enough for him!"

The summerscenery of dusty Hampden county lost its charms to the country girl, who, utterly regardless of the changing view of hill and vale, kept her eyes fixed nervously on the very suspicious-looking gentleman in the seat before her.

Presently the train reached Palmer, and among the passengers who entered was one gentleman who stopped beside Jennie's seat, and in a pleasant, manly tone of voice asked "if it was engaged?"

It was slightly unfortunate that the train was just starting, and the questioner's words were made indistinct to the young lady. She understood the word "engaged," but the rest of the query was inaudible to her.

"What if I am?" she retorted, quick, petulantly, and only as a Yankee girl can. "I would like to sit down if it is not," the gentleman smilingly persisted. "Sit down for all I care!" Jennie responded.

He took the seat by her side.
"Warm day," he began.

Jennie looked pointedly out of the window.

"Yes," she simply said.
"I hope I do not crowd you," the stranger said apologetically, and in such a pleasant voice that Jennie turned and looked forgivingly on him.

The gentleman's face was full and ruddy, and a pair of black eyes smiled in rivalry with the frank lips. He was dressed in a light summer suit, very becoming to the breezy nature that she showed. Jennie had never seen such a captivating man, and she was ashamed of herself for showing so much petulance. She thought that perhaps she was mistaken, and that she had not asked if she was engaged. Of course he wouldn't, such a fine-looking man! Something about him entranced her, and it seemed precisely as it did when she and George Harrison sat on the parlor sofa of an evening.

"No, sir, you do not crowd me," she answered, hesitatingly.

"It is firesome to ride, is it not?" the gentleman remarked.

"Yes, sir," was the demure answer.

"You are from the West, perhaps?"

"I am from Perryville, sir."

"That is in this State?"

"Yes, sir."

"I beg your pardon, but you have eyes like a Western lady's—gentle, dove-like and calm."

Jennie felt flattered.

"The Western ladies are very pretty," the gentleman said. "I have traveled extensively in the West, and I have yet to see a lady in New England so fresh and fair as the Western flowers. I always feel so cold here in Massachusetts, where fair ladies are so rare. You may doubt me, but no fairer face than yours have I seen here."

"Thank you," Jennie guilelessly answered.

The stranger sighed, and continued: "Now, I am going to Boston, and expect to die of *ennui*, for fair women are at a discount there."

"I am also on my way to Boston, sir," the girl said.

"Indeed! Are you going quite through on this train?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is too bad. I stop over in Worcester one train. You are traveling alone?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I were only going through, now, I flatter myself I could be of service to you."

"You might, sir. I am a stranger to Boston, and I should like to be directed. Pa told me perhaps I might fall in with some kind person who would help me along."

"Too bad, madam, that duty is duty. I should be pleased to help you. It is no pleasure to travel alone and know no one."

"I think so, sir. And it is specially for a lady. There are pickpockets, you know."

The last words were uttered in a whisper, and Jennie looked harder than ever on the gentleman in the seat before her.

"My name is Jones, sir."

"A very poetic name! Mine is Lawrence—Alexander Lawrence. I have no cards with me; but I am a commercial traveler from D— & Co., New York."

Conversation continued. Mr. Lawrence showed himself more and more agreeable, and Jennie was completely won by the charming address of the stranger. Although she was a blushing and sensitive girl, she had some of her father's common sense, and she saw in the tone and style of her new acquaintance a man altogether different from any one she had ever before met. His refined ease and deference made an immediate impression on her. She was fascinated, and felt that she had found an atmosphere where her lightest words might safely float. There are men who may well be styled male flirts, who trifle with an artless maiden till they read her soul, and then leave its book unclosed. The drummer was such a man. Before the train reached Worcester, Jennie felt that she had known him for a life-time. She told him of her own history, of Perryville, of her father's wealth, of her purpose in visiting Boston. With rapid attention Mr. Lawrence listened, perfectly satisfied to find that he had opened the girl's heart, and encouraging her confidence by attentive flattery.

"You must favor me with your address while you are in Boston," he said, "for I shall do myself the honor of calling on you."

Jennie promised that she would, and fondly imagined her pride at having such a gentlemanly admirer. In her heart she determined upon writing to George Harrison the next day, and asking to be released from her engagement. Wouldn't it be nice to astonish Perryville by announcing her engagement to such a nice gentleman as Mr. Lawrence! In her mind she married the words, "Mrs. Alexander Lawrence." What would Ellen White say? Wouldn't all the good people of Perryville be astonished?

All too soon Worcester was reached. Jennie's foolish little heart beat rapidly when Mr. Lawrence took her hand and bade her good-by, with a tender expression of the hope that he might meet her again in Boston.

Then he went out, and Jennie felt very lonely. She caught one last glimpse of him from the car window, and then the cars went on, and the dream was over.

So agreeable had been the companionship with Mr. Lawrence that Jennie had for a whole hour forgotten all about her fear of pickpockets. Now the thoughts came again. There was the dark-bearded gentleman still in the seat before her. There was—no, there was not! She put her hand to her bosom. *Her pocket-book was gone.* She made the discovery, and announced it with a little scream, and then a succession of shrieks.

The attention of all the passengers was excited, and the gallant conductor came running to the rescue, expecting to find the lady in an epileptic fit.

"Oh, oh! It is gone! He has got it!" she cried, in perfect agony.

"What is it, madam?" (The conductor did not ask the question very pleasantly.)

"He has stolen my pocket-book!" she cried.

"Who, madam?"

"He—that fellow—that pickpocket!" indicating the astonished gentleman, who had leaped over the seat, looking mildly at the young lady.

"Which gentleman?" asked the conductor, not at all pleased with the disturbance.

"That man," Jennie cried. "Don't let him get off! He has got my money! I had it in my bosom, and he stole it! Search him! Get it!"

"Madam," the conductor said, "it is impossible."

"He's got it, an' you know it!" the girl remonstrated. "You're in league with him, I know! Oh, dear! won't you help me?"

And poor Jennie burst into a agony of sobs.

The conductor looked doubtfully at the accused gentleman, who mumbled the said:

"If the lady thinks I have her pocket-book, I am willing that you should search me, conductor."

The search followed. The gentleman regarded the conductor with a quizzical expression on his face, as he emptied first one pocket, then another. The passengers regarded the proceeding with amused faces. Jennie anxiously watched every movement. The pocket-book was not found.

"O dear, dear!" Jennie cried. "What shall I do?"

"Madam," the conductor said, "it was no doubt the young man who occupied a part of this seat that deprived you of your pocket-book."

"What!" Jennie exclaimed, looking up through her tears. "What! you do not think he stole it? No, sir; that was Mr. Alexander Lawrence, from New York."

"Indeed!" the conductor returned. "And who is he?"

Jennie was nettled.

"He is one of the nicest of men," she answered.

"Did you ever see him before?"

"What if I didn't?"

"Madam, you will find him to be the thief. By the way, do you know who this gentleman is that you have accused of theft?"

"No."

"It is no other than Rev. Dr. S—, of New York."

Jennie turned deadly pale. What had she done? The name of Rev. Dr. S— had often met her eye, and she had thought of him as one of the great men of the United States. Confusion possessed her soul, but her natural frankness came to her rescue. The conductor had gone on down the aisle, and, acting on an impulse of her better nature, she leaned forward.

"Dr. S—," she said, quietly, "I beg your pardon for what I did."

The reverend gentleman smiled blandly.

"I am glad that you are satisfied of my innocence," he mischievously said, and added: "Did you lose a large sum?"

"One hundred dollars, sir."

"That is, indeed, a great loss," Dr. S— remarked, courteously, "but I think if you act on the conductor's advice you may recover it."

"Do you think Mr. Lawrence took it?"

"A nameless fear seized Jennie's mind. 'I think it probable, madam,' Dr.

S— answered, "Just think it all over and make your conclusions."

His manner was so kindly that Jennie felt herself ashamed. Gradually there dawned on her mind the idea that Alexander Lawrence was not only a fraud but a flirt and a hypocrite. It is easy for a New England girl to arrive at a conclusion. The fire flashed to her eyes, and with the rushing of the blood came a sense of hatred for the man in whom she had so foolishly confided, and whom she now regarded as an impostor. A feeling of faintness came over her.

"O dear, what shall I do?" was all she could say.

The kind heart of Dr. S— was touched, and he interested himself in the young lady, inquiring into all of the particulars. When Jennie spoke of her parents and her home a tender chord was touched in the clergyman's heart. He advised her to leave the cars at the next station, return to Worcester, and there put the case in the hands of the police. Jennie consented to the plan, and, greatly to her surprise and pleasure, Dr. S— volunteered to accompany and assist her.

Fortunately the up-train was met at the next station, and Jennie, with Dr. S—, left the one train to take the other. The excited girl felt ashamed of her position, and divided her anger between Alexander Lawrence and the author who had dared picture a pickpocket as a man with a black beard, wearing a suit of conventional black. No longer did she distrust Dr. S—.

When they reached Worcester Dr. S— sought the chief of police, and the result of the matter was that Mr. Alexander Lawrence was soon in the hands of the law. The missing pocket-book was not found on his person, but an indictment was procured against him, and after an examination he was admitted to bail. In the strongest terms he deprecated the accusation, alleging that he was "only flirting."

Dr. S— felt confident that the thief had been secured, and was equally sure that, with the conductor's evidence, he would be convicted. He took Jennie to a hotel, and, with assurances of hope, bade her good-night.

The poor affrighted girl threw herself into a chair, and gave vent to her grief in an outburst of tears. She felt that her money was lost, Boston an impossibility, and a disgraceful return to Perryville a certainty. In the agony of her sorrow she frantically pulled off her hat and threw it from her—when out rolled the lost pocket-book!

Jennie now remembered indistinctly that she had slipped it from her bosom into her hat that morning when Mr. Lawrence had stepped out for a glass of water, thinking that it would be safer there. She had been so fascinated by the flatterer that the act had been forgotten.

Dr. S— received the explanatory confession with a merry laugh. Mr. Lawrence was released. In the morning Jennie went on to Boston with Dr. S—, and by him was introduced to a ladies' seminary. The \$100 did good work, and Jennie returned to Perryville a "finished" young lady. Of course, Rev. Dr. S— married her and George Harrison, and Jennie tells her children of her romance.

A Lightning Flash.

The destructive effects of lightning are familiar to all of you. All the more ordinary effects can easily be reproduced by the help of Leyden jars on a small scale. How small you may easily conceive when I tell you that a three-foot spark is considered a long one, even from our most powerful machines, while it is quite certain that lightning flashes often exceed a mile in length, and sometimes extend to four and five miles.

One recorded observation, by a trustworthy observer, seems to imply a discharge over a total length of nearly ten miles. When a tree is struck by a violent discharge, it is usually split up laterally into mere fibers. A more moderate discharge may rupture the channels through which the sap flows, and thus the tree may be killed without suffering any apparent external damage.

These results are usually assigned to the sudden vaporization of moisture, and the idea is probably accurate, for it is easy to burst a very strong glass tube if we fill it with water and discharge a jar by means of two wires whose extremities are placed in the water at a short distance from one another. The tube bursts even if one end be left open, thus showing that the extreme suddenness of the explosion makes it act in all directions, and not solely in that of least resistance. When we think of the danger of leaving even a few drops of water in a mold into which melted iron is to be poured, we shall find no difficulty in thus accounting for the violent disruptive effects produced by lightning. Heated air is found to conduct better than cold air, probably on account of the diminution of density only. Hence we can easily see how it is that animals are often killed in great numbers by a single discharge, as they crowd together in a storm, and a column of warm air rises from the group. Inside a thunder-cloud the danger seems to be much less than outside. There are several instances on record of travelers having passed through clouds from which, both before and after their passage, fierce flashes were seen to escape. Many remarkable instances are to be found in Alpine travel, and especially in the reports of the officers engaged in the survey of the Pyrenees. Several times it is recorded such violent thunder-storms were seen to form round the mountain on which they were camped that the neighboring inhabitants were surprised to see them return alive. Before the use of lightning-rods on ships became general great damage was often done to them by lightning. The number of British ships of war thus wholly destroyed or much injured during the long wars toward the end of the last and the beginning of the present century is quite comparable with that of those lost or injured by gales, or even in battle. In some of these cases, however, the damage was only indirectly due to lightning, as the powder-magazines were blown up. In the powder-magazine of Brescia, in 1769, lightning set fire to over 2,000,000 pounds of gunpowder, producing one of the most disastrous explosions on record.—*Nature.*

The decline of the drama is probably owing to the fact that the public never seen but about one-tenth of a play; the rest is bonnet.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

Photographs.

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A detailed black and white illustration of a horse-drawn carriage, likely a stagecoach or freight carriage. It features large spoked wheels, a high seat, and a canopy supported by pillars. The carriage is shown from a side profile, facing left.

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<p>1873</p>	<p>1880</p>

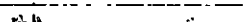
<p>MEAT MARKET.</p> <p>MONTANA MARKET,</p> <p>Corner Second and Main Streets.</p> <p>JUSTUS BRAGG & CO.,</p> <p>DEALERS IN</p> <p>FRESH AND SALT MEATS, FISH,</p> <p>POULTRY, GAME,</p> <p>Butter, Eggs, Vegetables, Fruit and</p> <p>Canned Goods.</p> <p>Special Attention given to the Steam- boat Trade.</p> <p>GENERAL MERCHANDISE.</p> <p>H. KARBERG,</p> <p>INDIAN TRADER,</p> <p>AND DEALER IN</p> <p>General Merchandise,</p>	<p>JEWELLERS.</p> <p>Day & Plants,</p> <p>Watchmakers and Jewelers.</p> <p>Also dealers in all kinds of</p> <p>SEWING MACHINES.</p> <p>BOOTS AND SHOES.</p> <p>EMANUEL C. BRONOLM,</p> <p>34 N. Fourth St.,</p> <p>Practical Boot Maker,</p> <p>— likewise —</p> <p>BUILDER OF SHOES</p> <p>Perfect fits Guaranteed. Only the Best Material used. Custom Work a Specialty. Repairing, Soleing, Binding.</p>
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<h1>Forster's Restaurant</h1> <p>(Established May, 1873.)</p> <h2>The Oldest and Only First-Class Restaurant in Bismarck.</h2> <p>Board by the day or week.</p> <p>Meals at all hours.</p>	<div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-between;"> <div style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">J. R.</div> <div style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">Liquor</div> <div style="writing-mode: vertical-rl; transform: rotate(180deg);">No. 10 Main St.</div> </div>
<h3>TAILORING</h3> <h1>Just Received!</h1> <p>The finest line of</p> <h2>IMPORTED CLOTHS</h2> <p>From our Philadelphia house for the fall and winter trade. Leave your orders and get the best and cheapest at the Bismarck Tailoring establishment.</p>	<h3>BAKERY</h3> <h2>AUSTIN LOGAN.</h2> <h3>CHOICE FAMILY GROCERIES</h3> <h3>FLOUR, FEED, and BAKERY.</h3> <p>Third Street, Bismarck, D.T. The choicest goods at the lowest prices.</p>
<p>GOULD & DAHL</p> <h3>GROCERIES</h3>	<h3>MEAT MARKET.</h3> <h1>Dakota Market.</h1> <p>CHARLES T. BRIEN, Prop'r.</p> <hr/> <p>Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, Lamb, &c., &c. Oysters, Fish, and Game of all kinds, in season. Shell Goods a specialty.</p> <p>14-17 N. W. cor. Third and Meigs Sts.</p> <h3>WOOD WORKERS.</h3>

Standing Rock Agency, D. T.

RITLED GLASSMEN, TELESCOPES.
Refracting Telescopes, Galileos,
Magnifying Glasses, Microscopes
and Pocket Thermometers. The best
 goods at lowest prices. P. & J. Beck, Manu-
 facturing Opticians, Philadelphia, Pa. Send

Refracting Telescopes, D. T.



will save 1/2 and 2/3 of the cost of
 goods of the same quality. Send

Aug. 1887

NEWSPAPER

Mr. J. H. Bates, newspaper advertising agent at Park Row (Times building), New York, is authorized to contract for advertisements in THE TRIBUNE, at our lowest rates.

Geo. P. Rowley & Co., newspaper advertising agents, 10 Spruce st., New York are authorized to make contracts for this paper at our lowest rates. A file of this paper may be seen at the New York office.

Chas. H. Miller & Co., newspaper advertising agents, (Tribune building), Chicago, Ill., are authorized agents to contract advertising for this paper at our lowest rates.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

COURT OFFICIALS THIRD JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

JUDGE—A. H. Barnes, Fargo, D. T.

DEPUTY ATTORNEY—J. A. Rogell, Bismarck.

CLERK—E. N. Corey, Bismarck.

DEPUTY U. S. MARSHAL—Alex. McKenzie, Bismarck.

U. S. OFFICIALS.

E. B. Kirk, Capt., A. Q. M. U. S. A., Depot Q. M. U. S. A., 501 Grand, 1st. Light, office in New York City.

Geo. S. Grimes, 1st. Lieut., office in New York City.

U. S. Marshal, Register, U. S. Land Office.

O. A. Lonsberry, Postmaster.

Chas. M. Oshman, Deputy Collector U. S. Customs.

Frank P. Brown, Deputy Collector Internal Revenue.

E. N. Corey, U. S. Commissioner.

COUNTY OFFICIALS.

COUNTY CLERK AND REGISTER OF DEEDS.—John H. Richards.

DEPUTY CLERK.—Alexander McKenzie.

COUNTY TREASURER.—W. B. Stetson.

DEPUTY TREASURER.—E. N. Corey.

SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—J. Prange.

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.—Frank Donnelly, Joseph Hark, J. A. Kinross.

COUNTY SURVEYOR.—C. W. Thompson.

CLERK OF DISTRICT COURT.—J. H. Rogers.

COUNTY ASSASSINATOR.—P. Malloy.

JUDGE OF THE PEACE.—E. B. Ware, Bismarck, Matt. Elderly, Mandan.

CITY OFFICIALS.

MAYOR.—George Peoples.

CITY TREASURER.—J. D. Wakenam.

CITY CLERK.—John Malloy.

CITY ATTORNEY.—John E. Carland.

CITY ENGINEER.—John Malloy.

CHIEF OF POLICE.—John Waldron.

CITY COMMISSIONERS.—J. A. Kinross, J. H. Rogers, J. D. Wakenam, J. E. Carland.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. G. Miller, B.D., Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH.—J. M. Ball, Pastor.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH.—W. O. Stevens, Pastor.

CATHOLIC CHURCH.—P. John Oshostom, Pastor, O. S. B. Pastor.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC—Arrives daily, Sundays excepted, at 10 p. m. Leaves daily, except Sunday, at 7 a. m.

PACIFIC COAST—Leaves for Portland, Portland and Portland every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m.

ARRIVE Bismarck, Wednesday and Friday at 8 p. m.

Leave for Portland, Wednesday and Friday at 8 p. m.

Leave for Portland, Wednesday and Friday at 8 p. m.

Leave for Portland, Wednesday and Friday at 8 p. m.

REGISTERED MAIL FOR ALL PLACES AT 8 P. M.

Office open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., Sundays from 7 to 10 a. m. and 4 to 6 p. m.

BISMARCK BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN A. STOEYELL—Attorney, 13 N Fourth st.

DAVID STEWART—Attorney, Fourth Street

JOHN E. CARLAND—Attorney, 64 Main st.

FLANNERY & WETHERBY—Attorneys, 47 Main Street

Geo P. Flannery J K Wetherby

A. T. BIGELOW, D. D. S.

Dental Rooms, 12 W Main-st

H. K. PORTER, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon, Office 37 Main st, next to Tribune Block

U. S. Examining Physician, Office 37 Main st, next to Tribune Block

BANK OF BISMARCK, J. W. RAYMOND, President, W. B. BRIDG, Cashier

A general banking business transacted. Interest allowed on time deposits. Collections promptly attended to.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, WALTER MANN, President, GEO. H. FAIRCHILD, Cashier

Correspondence—American Exchange National Bank, New York; Merchants National Bank, St. Paul.

W. M. A. BENTLEY, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon, Office 41 Main-st, Tribune Block

EMER N. COREY,

U. S. COMMISSIONER, Office one door below Tribune Block, my3177n6.

HOTELS.

Sheridan House,

R. H. BLY, Proprietor, The largest and best Hotel in Dakota Territory.

CORNER MAIN AND FIFTH STREETS, BISMARCK, D. T.

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

Cor. Main and 3d St., BISMARCK, D. T.

MARSH & WAKEMAN, Prop's.

Building 1st and 2nd floors, rooms large, comfortable and well furnished. First-class in every particular. Billa reasonable. 8-271f

CUSTER HOTEL,

THOS. MCGOWAN, Proprietor, Fifth Street near Main, Bismarck, D. T.

This house is a large three story building, entirely new, well lighted and heated, situated only a few rods from the depot. River men, railroad men, miners and army people will find first class accommodations at reasonable rates. 8-271f

J. G. MALLOY, F. P. MALLOY,

WERTEN HOUSE,

Malloy Bros., Prop's, Bismarck, Dakota.

The house is centrally located, and recently enlarged, refitted and refurbished. Opposite the railroad depot. Prices reasonable.

ARTHUR W. DRIGGS,

HOUSE, SIGN AND

Carriage Painting, West Main Street.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO

Fine Carriage Painting, RATES LOW, 91f

St. Louis, Minneapolis & St. Paul SHORT LINE.

Composed of the Minneapolis and St. Louis, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern, and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railways.

Making the shortest line and the best time between St. Louis and all points in the South, Southwest and Southeast, and Minneapolis and St. Paul, the summer resorts and lake country, the most prominent of which are Lake Minnetonka and White Bear Lake, of the Northwest, and the great lakes.

Also direct line between Minneapolis, St. Paul and Chicago, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

Tickets on sale at all the important coupon ticket stations throughout the South, East and West, via Florida.

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

of latest make and improvements on through express trains. BAGGAGE CHECKED THROUGH. Tickets and sleeping car berths can be secured—

In Minneapolis—At City Ticket Office, No. 3 Washington avenue, W. G. Teifer, agent, and at St. Paul & Pacific Depot.

In St. Louis—At 115 East Third street, G. H. Hazard, agent.

In Chicago—At all ticket offices of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. A. H. BODE, G. F. HATON, Gen. Man'gr. Gen. Pass. Agt.

ERIE & MILWAUKEE LINE.

Via New York, Lake Erie and Western, Great Western, Detroit and Milwaukee, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroads.

Shortest and Most Direct Route to all points in the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Northern Iowa and Iowa, Montana and Dakota Territories, Manitoba and British Columbia, Mark property "E & M. Line," and deliver to New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and all points East.

To insure quick time and have property delivered at East and West, deliver Freight at our Depot, Foot of Duane Street, before 5:30 o'clock p. m.

Get Bills of Lading from G. T. NUTTER, Agent, 411 Broadway, New York.

Through Bills Lading given to all foreign points.

A. J. COOPER, General Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

J. W. CRIPPEN, Northwestern Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

G. A. GADDIS, Agent, 263 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

G. T. NUTTER, Agent, 401 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

CHICAGO, Milwaukee & St. Paul RAILWAY

MAKES CLOSE CONNECTIONS

St. Paul & Pacific R. R.

—FOR—

WINONA, LA CROSSE, SPARTA, OWA-TONNA, PRAIRIE DU CHIEN, MCGREGOR, MADISON,

Milwaukee, Chicago,

Minnesota, Wisconsin & Northern Iowa

New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore,

Washington, New England, the Canadas, and all

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN POINTS.

2 ROUTES. —AND— 3 DAILY TRAINS

Between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway is the only Northwestern Line connecting some direct in Chicago with any of the Great Eastern and Southern Railways, and in the most convenient, located with reference to reaching any Depot, Hotel or place of business in that City.

Through Tickets and Through Baggage Checks to all Principal Cities.

Steel Rail Track, thoroughly ballasted, free from dust. *Trailing Horse Improved Automatic Air Brake, Miller's Safety Platform and Couplings* on all Passenger Cars.

The Fast Day Coaches and Palace Sleeping Cars.

This Road connects more Business Centres, Health and Pleasure Resorts, and passes through a finer country, with grander scenery, than any other Northwestern Line.

A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent

S. S. MERRILL, JNO. COULT, General Manager Asst. Gen. Manager.

Northern Pacific R. R.

1875 Summer Arrangement, 1875.

TAKE THE Custer Route

TO THE BLACK HILLS.

Thro' Express Trains FROM ST. PAUL TO BISMARCK, DAILY.

Making close connections at ST. PAUL with trains from CHICAGO and all points south.

No Delay! Continuous Run! Connects at St. Paul with all trains East and South; at Minneapolis with all trains from this city; at St. Cloud with all trains for Melrose and the Sauk Valley; at Brainerd all trains make close connections to and from Duluth and to and from the West and South.

Close connection with Lake Steamers at Duluth; St. Paul trains at N. P. Junction; St. Paul & Pacific Railroad trains at Glyndon for Fisher's, Fort Garry and the British Possessions, via steamers of Red River Transportation Co.; at Moorhead, Minn., and Fargo, D. T., with steamers for Port Garry, Pembina, and all points on the Red River and the Canadian Lakes; at Bismarck with steamers to all points north and south on the Missouri River, including Standing Rock, Fort Rice, Berthold, Carroll, Helena, Benton, and other points in Montana; also with W. Stage and Express Co.'s line to Deadwood City and all points in the Black Hills.

Dated April 7, 1875.

H. F. BARRENT, General Manager, St. Paul.

G. G. SANBORN, Gen'l Frt and Ticket Agt., St. Paul.

H. A. TOWNE, Superintendent, Brainerd.

JOHN YEGEN.

BISMARCK D. T.

CITY BAKERY.

Bread, Pies, Cakes, Green Fruits, Confectionery, &c.

Goods Choice and Fresh and Delivered Free to any point in the City.

JOHN MASON,

WINES, LIQUORS, CIGARS AND

BILLIARDS,

At the Old Stand, MOOREHEAD, MINN.

Headquarters for Army and Missouri River People.

ST. PAUL BUSINESS CARDS.

CRAIG & LARKIN—Importers and dealers in Crockery, French Chins, Glassware, Lamps, Looking Glasses, and House Furnishing Goods. Third-st., St. Paul.

PERKINS & LYONS—Importers and dealers in Fine Wines and Liquors, Old Bourbon and Rye Whiskies, California Wines and Brandy, Scotch Ale, Dublin and London Porter. No 31 Robert-st., St. Paul.

MINNEAPOLIS CARDS

MERCHANT HOTEL—Corner 8d-st and 1st-ave, north. \$2 per day; 10 c a day in the very centre of business—two blocks from the post office and suspension bridge; street cars to and from all parts of the city pass within one block of the house. J. LAMONT, Prop.

JOHN C. OSWALD,

Wholesale Dealer in

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

11 WASHINGTON-AVE., MINN.

Plow Works.

S. T. Ferguson, President, W. B. Jackson, Jr., Sec'y and Treas.

ESTABLISHED, 1860.

Monitor Plow Works

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.,

Manufacturers of the celebrated Monitor Plow, Breakers, Cultivators, Sulky Hay Rakes, Hand Corn Planters, Road Wagon, &c. The PERKINS & LYONS SULKY PLOW. This Sulky Plow contains some new features and improvements which none others have. The lightest iron frame and only adjustable steel beam.

When he takes notice to sail down the river in search of a fair one, which he fails to find.

Contentment was not in Pike, to be sure; his want to be great, with the perfect coolness. Killed him dead as a fower in an October frost. And it came to this that he paid all the cost!

Pike's prodigious now was quite a sad case. For his heart almost broke with the length of his face; But he caught up a plan and put it in force. This plan had in it a lady, of course!

Here are rules, by-laws, and regulations concocted; The strange rule such rules should have adopted; Pike said, with the rules as a man of good nature; And find me a lady of world-renowned fame!

He sailed in a craft quite shoddy with age. Those boats were gone and had lost his good gauge; For, as he sailed on, he said, "I'm a bird in the hand; While Pike was as sherry as a bird in the song!"

Pike drifted to a wharf down at New Orleans. There he met a great cut-throat, who cut his throat. He met with a Quaker, who asked him, quite bland: "My friend, cannot thou tell me from what land?"

"You come?" Art thou in pursuit of riches herein? If so, return to the city again! For the city is overrun by the boldness of thieves, And the hightest man all the money receives."

Pike, maddened at this, walked down to the shore. To find his boat gone with the water's din-roar. For the fold in his body was cut, and he said: "And this is the cause of the boat's final dire!"

He that night cursed and swore and dreamed in his And was worse in his heart than Boeyp for his sheep; He dreamed of fair negro women tramping along Amid a great crowd and amid a great throng.

Pike tramped it back home, forgetting women and love. And vainly he "swore by the messenger dove." His hopes were all gone, and so was his boat. So Pike, in his grief, had a burden to tote.

Pike died in the age that has passed, passed away. And his tomb told his life and his age to a day; A verse is inscribed on his tomb, pure and white, Giving tribute to Pike that was done up all right.

THE INSCRIPTION.

Here lies a man who to one who has passed away And went to sleep to await time on "all eyes"— One who died in an unassuming but heroic art, In full of heart, of love, and of a broken heart!

"O Pike was his real name, but he became sherry, and concluded he wouldn't be called an I'm human, so he heeded his name by cutting off this tag "O."—Attributed BYRON, IL. ROBERT F. DORR.

THE MANAGING WIFE.

Ezra Newton had been looking over his yearly accounts. "Well," asked his wife, looking up, "how do you come out?"

"I find," said her husband, "that my expenses during the past year have been thirty-seven cents over a thousand dollars."

"And your income has been a thousand dollars?"

"Yes, I managed pretty well, didn't I?"

"Do you think it managing well to exceed your income?" said his wife.

"What's this thirty-seven cents?" asked Mr. Newton, lightly.

"Not much, to be sure, but still something. It seems to me that we ought to have saved, instead of falling behind."

"But how can we save on this salary, Elizabeth? We haven't lived extravagantly. Still it seems to have taken it all."

"Perhaps there is something which we might retrench. Suppose you mention some of the items."

"The most important is house rent, \$150, and articles of food, \$500."

"Just half."

"Yes, and you'll admit that we can't retrench there. I like to live well; I had enough of poor board before I married. Now I mean to live as well as I can."

"Still we ought to save something against a rainy day, Ezra."

"That would be like carrying an umbrella when the sun shines."

"Still it is well to have an umbrella in the house."

"I can't controvert your logic, Elizabeth, but I'm afraid we shan't be able to save anything this year. When I get my salary raised it will be time enough to think of that."

"Let me make a proposition to you," said Mrs. Newton. "You said that one-half of your income had been expended on articles of food. Are you willing to allow me that sum for that purpose?"

"You guarantee to pay all bills out of it?"

"Yes."

"Then I will shift the responsibility upon you with pleasure. But I can tell you beforehand you won't be able to save much out of it."

"That's well. I shouldn't relish having any additional bills to pay. As I am paid every month, I will at each month hand you half of the money."

The different character of the husband and wife may be judged from the conversation which has been recorded. Mr. Newton had little prudence or foresight. He lived chiefly for the present, and seemed to fancy that whatever contingencies might arise in the future he would somehow be provided for. Now, to trust in Providence is a very proper way, but there is a good deal of truth in the old adage that God will help those who help themselves.

Mrs. Newton, on the contrary, had been brought up in a family which was compelled to be economical, and though she was not disposed to deny herself comforts, yet she felt that it was desirable to procure them at a fair rate.

The time at which this conversation

HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The accumulated evidence of nearly thirty years, show that the Bitters is a certain remedy for malarial disease, as well as its surest preventive; that it eradicates dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint and nervousness, counteracts a tendency to gout, rheumatism, urinary and uterine disorders, that it imparts vigor to the feeble and cheers the mind while it invigorates the body.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

20 Chrome Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. TURNER CARD CO., Ashland, Mass.

ROMULUS OPTIKS.

His Strange Acts and Doings.

PART I.

"Romulus Optiks, as the readers may know, was a circus actor in a great show. What came of Optiks you'll probably see. For advancement of things he seemed to agree!"

"Pike" used to be a plumber in a carpenter's shop. But the foreman pronounced him a miserable fop, and accordingly he was abandoned by the firm. And put in another, whose name was P. Spike.

Spike used to be corporal in a military way. But Spike couldn't be corporal every day. So he, too, failed, and he was sent to P. And maddened at this, Pike an actor would be!

Pike picked himself up to the first circus man. That happened to pass through his sin-cursed land. And proposed to be an actor of much wittier note. But in history profane he was less than a note!

Pike's regard for the laws of activity was small. For, seeing, he saw he was no actor at all. For when he went up he came down with a crash. And that is why foreman said Pike was so rash.

St. Pike, as an actor, was not a success. For what he attempted was a murderous mess. For once on a time he wound round the roller—Falling, lost all belief in the system that's solar!

Pike gave up the scheme, as he ought to have done. It was a failure to him, as it was not to the one who "saw" him. As Pike had said: "This much better alive than to be half dead."

This showman of great sent him home to a friend; For his spinal column had become rigidly rigid. And his heart had become quite frozen and frigid.

PART II.

When he takes notice to sail down the river in search of a fair one, which he fails to find.

Contentment was not in Pike, to be sure; his want to be great, with the perfect coolness. Killed him dead as a fower in an October frost. And it came to this that he paid all the cost!

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"You come?" Art thou in pursuit of riches herein? If so, return to the city again! For the city is overrun by the boldness of thieves, And the hightest man all the money receives."

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